

THROUGH THE CITY'S DOOR TO OBLIVION NEWS OF THE WEEK IN RHYME

By DANA BURNET.

Not at the Ends of the Earth, but
Just Around the Corner Is
the Way to Solitude

than in any other place. South America, Africa, the Orient, all claimed their visits, sometimes fleeting, sometimes lasting into the months. No highway or byway of the earth was exempt from the foot.

Then one day the foot wandered into the land whence there is no returning. The man found himself in the city of his fathers, New York. He was tired of the endless journey, which seemed to have no destination. He was weary of strange cities and strange peoples. All he wanted was a haven—some place to come to anchor, and maybe a frame over the door bearing the legend, "Home, Sweet Home."

So the man took account of his goods. He discovered that every month as long as he lived he would have in the neighborhood of \$1,200 to do with what he would. Rather a kindly sum, \$1,200 every change of the moon.

And now to find the haven. The man had seen enough of the world to know the further one goes from home the smaller the world becomes. He took himself by the hand and began a tour of inspection, confining the tour to the city limits.

On Staten Island he found the place. It is a farm situated on a winding road that leads nowhere in particular. The old fashioned farmhouse with its low ceilings and expansive kitchen sits well back toward the orchard. Close by is the barn whence whirr clouds of pigeons, or perhaps, resounds the whinny of Frank, the family horse.

lived in a car for two months," said the man. "I don't think a motor fits in with this farm very well. It spoils the scenic ensemble."

"No, I'll just take Frank and jog on down to the village. If Frank ever went faster than five miles an hour he'd think he had won the Derby. I must get back and finish hoeing that corn before supper."

And across the bay children are cramped on fire escapes playing "horsey" with a battered broomstick.

After the man born a rover had been farming a while there came to the haven a man with a great sorrow. This man had lost the one he loved most. Life to him was just one endless ocean of dusty drab. Hope was in ashes.

Happiness was always in the past tense. When he heard a laugh he marvelled how it could be managed, because all it meant to him was a stab in the heart.

The purpose of the visit was to break to the rover the news that the great sorrow was about to be bundled up and carried to Montana. There in the rough and ready setting of a new country pain might lose a part of its poison. Getting away from old scenes and familiar faces perhaps would take the acute sting from the sore of sorrow.

"But why go to Montana?" asked the rover. "The most successful place to lose yourself is right here at home. There is a house, or you might call it a part of a shack, down the road a piece. Why don't you try it?"

The man with the great sorrow



They get a distant glimpse of the Woolworth Building.

By JANE DIXON.

If you wanted to close the doors of the past behind you, where would you go?

To Pekin, probably, or Zanzibar, or some other point far away. Taking the trusty atlas in one hand and a full determination in the other, you would proceed to search the remote corners of the earth for a place that spelled forgetfulness.

And all the time you would be overlooking the one best bet—Greater New York. When it comes to hiding away, the remote corners of the earth are no closer to oblivion than the far cor-

against his brain, dulled the edge of imagery. The passing thunder of the elevated train tore his nerves to tatters. The sudden squawk of a motor horn curdled his colors on the palette. The pulse which measured the pains and passions of a million souls pulled at his heart until the brush in his hand lay limp against the canvas.

He must go away. Where?

Forty minutes from the centre of Manhattan, by ferry to St. George, Staten Island, and thence by a winding country road toward the interior the painter found his wilderness. A giant screen of trees with thick growth

In one end of the single room he placed a huge stone fireplace, tall enough almost for a man to stand in. A few pieces of furniture, such as served the homes of the first settlers, completed the cabin home.

Here, to this very day, you will find the painter dreaming and doing. He sees the delicate tracery of spring gray green in the forest about him. The plaint of the tree toad and the eternal song of the sentimental cricket are music to his ears which echoes in his brush. The blaze of autumn reds and golds and purples glows warm across the canvas.

In the light cast by a log crackling in the stone fireplace a billion snow crystals glitter in starry splendor. Old north wind moans down the chimney or rattles impatiently at doors and windows. The only marks to disturb the smooth folds of the fleecy blanket nature throws across the breast of the earth are the tracks of a rabbit scurrying in the direction of the forest.

Then, one day, the painter finishes his dream. In its place is a picture—or is it a living, breathing thing? He packs his kit, closes the plank door softly behind him, trudges down the path which leads back to cramped civilization, and in forty minutes he is caught in the stream of the subway rush. You will see him elbowing his way through the whirlpools and eddies, arguing right of way, hearkening to the raucous "watcherstep!"

"Where you been?" inquire friends, extending the grip of cordial if surprised greeting.

"Been buried in the woods," is the reply. "Had a little work to finish." "Where did you go? Up in Maine?" "No. Stayed right in New York." "Woods in New York? Stop kidding us," scoff the friends. "I know, you have a place away up North you want to keep a dark secret from the common herd. But just you wait, we'll get you yet."

Whereupon the painter smiles slyly and glances at his watch to see if he can make the 5 o'clock boat back to the wilderness.

Not so very far, as miles go, from the log cabin in the woods lives a man who has left the mad whirl behind him to settle down on the farm.

This man was a rover by birth. His mother had the curse of the wandering foot coupled with enough of this world's goods to obey the dictates of the foot.

Her son was born on the island of Jersey. His education extended over the schools and universities of Europe, with especial attention to Paris. At one time the wandering foot led to Morocco, where it remained longer



Hide in Staten Island to do "something really good."

Of course the man found the one girl and took her to help to fulfill the promise of home, sweet home. The girl was fond of dogs. The answer he one of the best kennels of Scotch terriers hereabout.

"Guess I'll hitch up Frank and drive down to the village for some supplies," says the man, leaning a hoe eaked with fresh earth against the old cherry tree.

"I should think an automobile would be handier for you out here, back and forth to the ferry and all that," was suggested.

"I've motored through France a few hundred times, and once in India I

thought it over. He saw there was some sense to the argument. Who would ever look for him in the wilds of Greater New York? Why, he had spent all his life here and had never even heard of the place.

He took the shack and made it livable. His friend was interested in Scotch terriers. Very well, he would try Airedales. He annexed an organ of the type that contributes class to every old fashioned Ohio farmhouse.

The organ has asthma and a penchant for sobby tunes, but it furnishes a channel through which the man pours out the sadness of his soul. When he plays it those who pass that way

THE moth ball as a household pet
Is daily growing dearer.
The war has brought the human race
And nature so much nearer!
Two years ago we'd fill a page
With any sort of caper—
To-day our thought
Is gravely wrought—
We dare not waste the paper.

A lady took a yachting cruise
To alter her complexion.
The latest Franco-British drive
Had excellent direction.
'Tis said an ice pack on the brow
Will cure love's fondest passion—
Apollo shows
A freckled nose—
And goldfish are in fashion.



Has recognized the somewhat bourgeois bustle.

The Russian Duke has chased the Turk
Beyond pronunciation.
Carranza begged his erring land
To rise and be a nation.
The superwoman, gossips say,
Will wear the simple bloomer—
A whale was found
In Puget Sound—
And peace is but a rumor.

Sir Daniels has a lovely plan
To save us from disaster;
(In military strategy
Josephus is a master!)
He wants the fleet to run and hide
From every bold sea rover—
And then . . . and then
Pop out again
When all the trouble's over!



Somewhere beyond pronunciation.

To cure love's fondest passion.

Sartorial advices state
That autumn frocks must rustle.
Society has recognized
The somewhat bourgeois bustle;
Sir Woodrow'd buy the Danish Isles
To keep them out of danger—
The gentle rain
Does not refrain—
And Sol is quite a stranger.

New York enjoyed a light attack
Of frothy summer dramas.
A Western heiress rose to fame
By wearing silk pajamas.
Divorce is very popular
Among the upper classes—
We shrink from the
Humidity—
And Bryan loves the masses.

know he is with his memories, but they notice also that the periods of playing grow briefer with the passing of time.

Lately the solitary has invited parties of those he knew in happier days to share his retreat for a day or more. They thought he was in Timbuctoo, and could scarcely believe that during the years elapsed since last they met the man had been forty odd minutes from the old haunts and had never once been across the bay.

The story is told, and it is true, of a woman who loved enough to suffer a lot. She lived in a street in the Forties, the throw of a stone from Fifth avenue. Exquisite gowns and orchids and rare objects of art and servants to anticipate her slightest fancy were as much a part of her life as is a plate of spaghetti to an Italian. Came a day when she was brought to realize that because of mistakes of the past, mistakes not of her making, love could never be brought to fruition.

The woman was big enough and brave enough to say good-by. It was a silent good-by. No one even suspected it was being said. She simply faded out of the picture, no one knew why.

The man was wild with grief. He had hoped sometimes that such a thing might come to pass, but now that it had actually occurred he would have smashed every tradition, every convention, to have her back. He watched

the steamers. Those who heard the story were firm in the conviction that she would go to the end of the world and if it were possible jump off.

But the woman knew. On the same street, three blocks west as space is measured, three centuries as people are measured, she lived in a fourth floor rear room. She did not hide away. She simply made it a rule never to go on the streets or to the places she once frequented. Private detectives spent months and fortunes seeking her out. One followed a will of the wispy rumor to Alaska. The day he arrived in Nome the woman got a place as cashier in a little Greek candy shop near the Hudson River. It is a matter of record that with three blocks separating them, the paths of the woman and the man never again crossed.

Only a while ago people read of the hermitess who lived in the Hotel Wallick for something like twenty years and never left her room during that time. Not only did she stay shut in but for the latter half of the time she had not a single caller.

Afterward it developed that she amused herself by sitting at the window watching the human drift. She saw the fashion for men change from the perz tops to the shoehorns and back to normal again. She saw fanciful femininity leap from bustle to ripple, to slash, to drape. She saw the simple maid from the country crossroads, just graduated from her gingham gown, and later sighed sadly

as the simple maid slipped past in her lustrous limousine.

Names emblazoned in a thousand incandescents grew dim and went out. The man who made a million stepped on the corner below to borrow the price of a cup of coffee. The boy with the ragged elbows suddenly appeared with a laurel wreath twined about his brow. Love's young dream flattered into broken clay and rose again, Phoenixlike, from the dust. The woman who chose to close the door of the world behind her watched the great human melodrama, with here and there a touch of comedy relief, and stayed lost in Times Square.

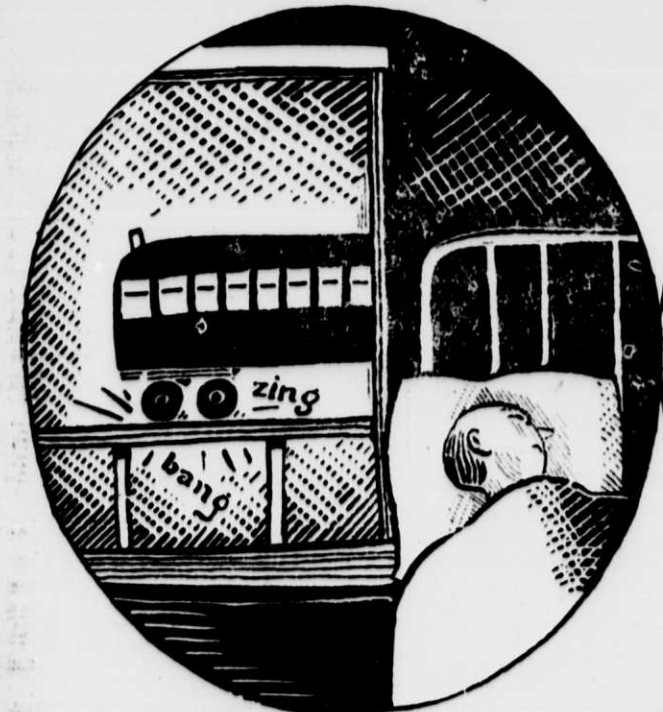
The quiet little streets of and about Greenwich Village harbor many a man and woman who might as well be lost in an impenetrable forest. The professional burglar of the Bronx can begin life anew on Long Island. Up on Washington Heights all trace of his old life on the Bowery is wiped out.

It is a matter of record that a man found it convenient to leave a certain district in Brooklyn between days. He took himself to Flatbush, where he lived in respectability and anonymity until his own conscience damned him and he surrendered. A woman of the streets washed her soul clean and went to clerk in a Harlem store. She married the proprietor's son and up to now has lived happily.

Yes, when it comes to playing hide and seek Greater New York is the original impenetrable forest.

THE FABLE OF NOISES AND NOISES

By John Held



Once upon a time there was a man who slept placidly amid the "L" trains' rattle.



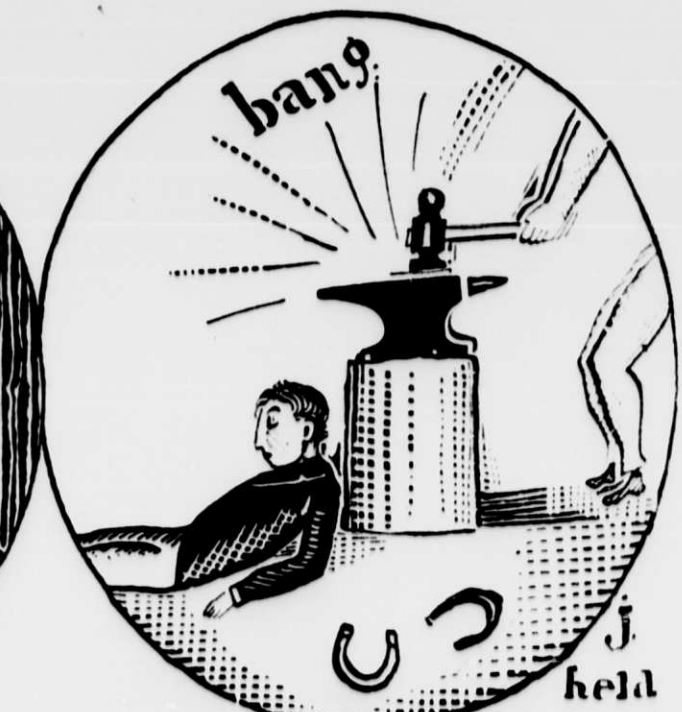
Milk cans and fire sirens annoyed him not at all.



So he went to the country for a rest.



But, alas! it was so quiet that he couldn't sleep at all.



He finally found peace in the black-smith's shop.
Moral: It's all what you're used to.